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THE  
L I F E  
AND  
INTRIGUES

Of the late Celebrated

*Mrs. Mary Parrimore,*

THE  
Tall MILLINER of 'Change-Alley.

CONTAINING

A Series of uncommon ADVENTURES,  
no less surprizing than entertaining :

WITH

An Account of her WRITINGS, and a further  
Illustration of LOVE upon TICK :

WHEREIN

The whole ADVENTURE is set in a  
true Light, with the Addition of several material  
Particulars omitted in that Pamphlet.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. Paul's,  
1729. (Price One Shilling.)

THE  
LIFE

AND

INTRIGUES

OF THE LATE COLONEL

Mrs. Mary Portman



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459

An account of her writings, and a  
selection of her letters.

WITH

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# THE LIFE AND INTRIGUES

Of the late Celebrated

**Mrs. Mary Parrimore.**



Mistress *Mary Parrimore* (whose Life and Intrigues I am about to relate) was born at *Gosport* in *Hampshire*, where her Father kept a Slop-Shop, and lived in tolerable good Credit and Reputation till the time of his Death. As she grew up, her Father gave her such Education as the Country afforded; and as soon as she was capable, placed her in his Shop, where she

A

had

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had an Opportunity of seeing and being seen, by the young Gentlemen of the Navy; it being then War-time, and *Gosport* opposite to *Portsmouth*.

Our Heroine soon outgrew her Years, both in Size and Understanding, for at the Age of thirteen, she was five Foot six Inches high, and was reckoned one of the greatest Wits in the two Towns. This brought shoals of young Officers to her Father's Shop, and though she was not extraordinary handsome, yet her ready Wit and manner of Address, got her Crowds of Admirers: For about a Year together, after she first became known to the World, she plaid her Cards well enough to keep her Lovers at their proper Distance, and at the same time drew Crowds of Customers to her Father's Shop; some, for the Pleasure of her Conversation, which was ever easy and agreeable, others, in hopes (as her Father was reckoned a Man of tolerable good Substance) of gaining her for a Wife: But the far greater part, depended upon gaining their Ends without the trouble of the Marriage Ceremony.

Till about the Age of fourteen, for ought that has occurred to us, our Lady kept

kept herself Chast, when Fortune threw in her way a Gentleman who was Midshipman in one of his Majesty's Ships of War, then lying in *Portsmouth* Harbour, his Person was comely, and his Address tolerably good for a Gentleman bred and brought up in that boisterous Element. This Youngster, no sooner cast his Eyes on our fair Shop-keeper, but he became enamour'd, and was resolv'd at any rate to get Possession of her Person. As she was in publick Business, he had occasion for no other Introduction than to cheapen the Commodities in which she dealt, which he frequently took occasion to do, and the oftener he saw and conversed with her in that way, the more he was captivated; and least other means should prove ineffectual, he broke the matter to her Father, and desired leave to make his Addresses to our young Lady in an honourable Way. The Father, after having enquired into young *Neptune's* Character, approved of his Offer, and the Nymph received him kindly. Our Spark made the best use of his time, and judging it the better way if possible, to gain his Ends without the Parson's Assistance, he played his Cannon so



well, that he brought her to in less than a Fortnight. The manner of the first Attack being somewhat odd, I trust the Reader will excuse me if I intrude so far upon his Patience as to tell the Particulars. The Father was too watchful at home, to let our young Couple tast the Sweets of Love there, and was unwilling to trust them abroad together, for fear they should be too hasty and fail to (as the Sailors term it) before Grace was said: He had postponed the Match on some particular occasion he had for it, which, by the way, was not displeasing to our young Lover, as he had hopes of gaining her without it. The fair one grew impatient, and at last condescended (upon our young Lover's solemn Assurance to marry her afterwards) to make him happy in the free enjoyment of her Charms. The Place appointed for the pleasing Jobb was the *Church-Yard*, and the fatal Place on which our Fair One's Virginity and Reputation, were at once Shipwreck'd was the Church Window; which was very low, and in the Heat of Action unfortunately gave way, and fell into the Church, the Noise of which unluckily drove the Sexton thither

to

to see what was the matter, who found our young Lovers in great Confusion, and a Posture over which I must draw a Veil. The Sexton was not a Man capable of keeping a Secret, but related what he saw in this Adventure to his Wife, who had so good a Capacity at disclosing it, that by breakfast-time the next Morning, it was become the Subject Discourse at every Tea-table, Coffee-house, and Tavern in *Gosport* and *Portsmouth*. The Lovers were too much confounded to offer to repeat their Joys that Night, and Fate put it out of their Power to do it the next, for the Wind grew fair, the Gun fired to unmoor, and our young Midshipman had no time to take leave of his Charmer, but sailed that Night. The beginning of Mrs. *Parrimore's* Amours, the Reader will see, was very unfortunate, for in one and the same Night she lost a Maidenhead, a Reputation, and an Husband.

It was not long before the Story reached her Father's Ears, it was too publick now to be long concealed from him: But he did not act like the Generality of Fathers upon this Occasion; for instead of raving at his Daughter, or turning her adrift, for the  
false

false Step she had made, he wisely consider'd, that what was past could not be help'd, and to make the best of a bad Matter, was, as he thought, to marry her, to prevent her going astray a second Time.

As his Daughter had cracked her Reputation against the faithless Church Window, he could think of no better Man than a Parson to mend it; and pitching upon an honest Country Curate in the Neighbourhood, about five or six Miles from Gosport, he offer'd him his Daughter in Marriage; the Gudgeon soon swallow'd the Bait, and for the sake of a little of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, enter'd into the holy State of Matrimony with her; and with his Gown, instead of a Cloak, cover'd all the Cracks and Flaws which the Sailor had made in her Honour.

With this honest Clergyman she liv'd tolerably virtuous, (at least to outward Appearance) near ten Months, was well respected by the Doctor's Parishioners, and feasted with her Husband upon the Presents made by them of Turkeys, Geese, and such fat Piggs, and other good Things, as are usually offer'd up by Country People, to their Teachers, for the Salvation of their Souls;

till



till at length, the 'Squire of the Parish, who was Lord of the Mannor, and had a Right to the next Presentation, returning from *Oxford*, (where he had been to put the finishing Stroke to his Education) to inherit and enjoy the Estate left him by his Ancestors; the Curate, went to wait on him, and pay his Respects: The 'Squire received him very graciously, and, like a well bred Gentleman, returned his Visit. The Doctor made the best Entertainment he could for his Visitor, order'd his Lady to dress her self, in the best manner she could, to receive him; and considering she was young, and one of a gay Disposition, my Readers will readily believe, she was not backward in obeying her Husband in that Particular. Besides, the Curate had often told her, that as the Rector of the Parish, whom he served, was aged and infirm, he must do all that in him lay to ingratiate himself with this young Gentleman, in hopes, by his Favour, to succeed in the Benefice. A costly Supper was prepared, and as *French* Wine was then not un plenty in the Country, the Glass went round chearfully. As Wine, when not very immoderately taken, is a Friend

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to Love, the young Gentleman began to be inspired with it, and cast several amorous Glances on the Dame; the 'Squire, who, at *Oxford*, had not presumed to deal any farther than with his Bed-maker, was hale, and of a brisk Complexion; and notwithstanding the Stiffness, natural to Collegians, had Address enough to make some Impression upon his Hostess, who had not been used to exceed in polite Conversation. She was cautious enough to conceal it from her Husband, but nevertheless, could not help, by dumb Signs, letting her Guest know, that those Glances of his were not ill bestowed. The 'Squire was extremely pleased with his Reception, repeated his Visits, and made frequent Entertainments for the Pastor and his Lady. The Doctor was mighty proud of the Honour done him, began to look upon his own Merit as the only Occasion of the Civility shewn him, and already concluded himself reverend Rector. But alas! his Patron's Complaisance proceeded from a quite different Cause, Love was the Foundation; and the Wife's Beauty, more the Motive than the Husband's Merit. The good Wives of the Parish began to smell a Rat, but the Parson's

sons over-weening Opinion of himself, made him blind to all Appearances of that kind; till after the young 'Squire had many a time and often trespassed upon the holy Father's Glebe, an Affignation was made between him and his Lady, in a Farmer's Field, where some Tithe Corn remained uncarried off. The Curate, who had the Care of the Vicar, his Master's Concerns, in that respect, came thither to see if Justice had been done by the Farmer; and to his great Surprize, found the 'Squire and his Wife under a Hedge, doing, as they thought, each other Justice; but alas! the good Man thought quite otherwise. His Eyes being now open, he reflected upon a thousand things which before had escaped his Observation; he look'd back with horror on some Freedoms which he had seen between them, which he thought innocent ones, and cursed himself for not keeping a stricter Guard upon his Wife's Actions: In short he raved, stormed, and cursed the 'Squire, the Adulterers, and the Ground on which the Adultery was committed: He vowed eternal Vengeance against them both, and never to rest till he had punished them as they deserved. The



Dame could not stand the Shock, but fled to a Neighbours (a Tenant of the 'Squire's) for Shelter, where she remained a few Days *incog.* till the Patron, by an absolute Grant of the Benefice to the Curate, after the Death of the then present Incumbent, had reduced him to his Reason, and obliged him to take her home, and live with her in Peace for the future. The 'Squire soon after married and all was well.

About a Year after this, the Curate and his Lady went to *Gosport* to visit her Father, where meeting with a Commander of a Ship, they were by him invited on board, still more for the sake of the Wife than the Husband. The Captain entertained them gallantly, and the Doctor (as those Gentlemen term it) had his Skin-full of Punch. The Weather being a little rough, they were easily induced to stay on board that Night, and the Doctor and his Wife were put to Bed in the Captain's Cabbin. The Captain waked whilst his Guests slept, and notwithstanding the Doctor was so careful to bar and double-lock the Door, with the Carpenter's Assistance took out a Plank, and finding the Punch had so far operated upon the Parson,

as to cast him into a dead Sleep, the Captain ventured in, and with little or no Ceremony boarded his Lady, who was too good natur'd to refuse a Gentleman that had treated them so handsomely. The Captain was pleas'd with his Bedfellow, and made frequent Repetitions, till growing tired and sleepy, he retired to rest. The Carpenter, who was in the Secret, thought he might take the same Liberty, and succeeded accordingly. The Captain, having had his Fill, sent the Second Lieutenant, he the Midshipman, and he another, till all the Officers in the Ship had their Will of her in their Turns. The poor Parson slept, and she was either afraid or unwilling to wake him: He knew nothing of the matter tho' so near, however she knew there was enough left for him, and charitably judg'd he was not wronged.

*He that is robb'd, not wanting what*

*is stole,*

*Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd*

*at all.*

Shakespear's Othello.

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The rolling of the Ship, and the Agitations she had been put into, at last begun to work upon the Lady, who found a strange uproar in her Guts, and wanted to discharge; she groaped about, and at last a China Conveniency presented itself; this she took into Bed, and placed herself upon it, but alas! the brittle China-ware, like the treacherous Church-window, gave way and broke under her, terribly cutting and macerating her Ladyship's Posteriors, overflowing the Bed, at the same time, with something not over pleasant to the Smell, thus blending three Misfortunes in one. Morning approaching, our fair one had cunning enough to collect the broken Shreds and throw them out of the Cabbindow; seeming quite startled at the Wetness and Smell in the Bed, she waked the Doctor, and with no great Difficulty and severe Reproach, persuaded him the Punch had occasioned this Overflowing from him, while he ashamed of what he thought he had done, sneak'd off with his Wife, in a Bomb-boat, without taking leave of the Captain or his Friends.

As dead and as sleepy as the Doctor was during the Transactions on board, the Officers



cers no sooner came on shoar but they made them publick wherever they went, and the Doctor's Sea Visits became the Table-Talk. Madam being now so publickly blown eloped from her Husband, gave a loose to Pleasure, and by the Course of Life she afterwards led in the Country, broke the poor Man's Heart ; so that he never lived to enjoy that Benefice, which would otherwise in due time have been to him the Wages of his Wife's Sin.

Having had her full Swing of Pleasure in the Country, about twenty Years of Age she came up to Town, and having been used to a Shop in the Country, (tho' of another Sort) as also being blest with a good Tongue and no want of Stock, (I mean of Assurance) she took a Shop opposite to *Garraway's* Coffee-house in *Change-Alley*, where she went by the Name of the *Tall Milliner*, and succeeded in every Branch of her Trade to Admiration. Here *Fews* who frequented the Alley, and who by Stock-Jobbing Tickets, Bulls, Bears, and other Chimera's, had gull'd many a Gentleman of his Money and Estate, were proud to lay their ill gotten Wealth at our Milliner's Feet, which according to an old

*English* Proverb, went from them (upon those Occasions) as light as it came. Crowds of these People had she for her Adorers, and happy was he who was foremost in her Favour. Amongst the rest a Gentleman of *Jewish* Extraction, to shew his Regard and Esteem for this fair One, and prove himself superior in Love as in Character and Station, to his immortal Honour drew his Sword in her Shop upon Mr. *L — r*, a Merchant, (who pretended some Right to the Ladies Favour). Mr. *L — r* defended himself with the Milliner's Yard till some good natured Christians interposed and reconciled them. Oh! could this Shop relate the Actions that have been passed there in the Dark, how many a seeming wise Man, both of the *Jew* and the *Gentle* Kind, has been there made a Fool and an Ass by that subtle Enchantress; this Relation will swell a large Volume.

*S — r*, a wealthy *Jew*, amongst the rest fell a Sacrifice to her Charms; but was not so fortunate in his Amours as some other of his Brethren; he often frequented the Alley, and no sooner beheld our fair Milliner but he became passionately in Love with her; he had  
Money

Money to offer, and Vanity and Assurance enough to believe his own personal Merit was even without it, sufficient to gain him a Conquest of her Charms. Whatever he might think, Money was with her the prevailing Argument: Upon Sight of that the Treaty between them was soon concluded, and a *Bagnio* the Place appointed for exchanging the Ratifications; thither they went, a costly Supper was provided, and after having feasted in the most elegant and delicious manner, they retired to taste (as they thought) of the more substantial Joys. — Time and Opportunity now began to cry aloud on S — r to begin to play his Part; he offered to do it but in vain, whether he had been playing his Part too freely with some other of the fair Sex not long before, whether he had drank too plentifully at and after Supper, or whether by some Spell or Incantment he lost his wonted Courage, our *Heroine* her self could never find out. This she found however to S — r's eternal Shame and Confusion, that he was impotent, his Blood chilled, and mauge all that the fair One could do, he (like Mr. *Bebn's* Insensible) remained a stupid senseless



senfeless Mafs.—Enraged at this, ſhe aroſe and adjusted her ſelf, with Horror in her Eyes and miſchievous Revenge in her Heart, ſhe quitted the *Bagnio*, leaving her Spark to curſe his Stars and the fatal Cauſe of his Impotence. — For her Part ſhe had not been uſed to Baulks and Diſappointments of this kind, ſhe begun now to look upon this Incapacity of *S—r*'s a real Injury done to her Charms, and was reſolved not to reſt till ſhe had ſeverely puniſhed the Offender. She had a Head turned for Intrigue, and was extremely capable of concealing her Reſentment.—As he had injured her in the nicest and moſt tender Nature, ſhe was reſolved to make Uſe of Retaliation.

She knew *S—r* to be a Man of exceſſive Vanity, imagining every fair One that looked on him to be paſſionately fond of him; knowing this, ſhe formed a Reſolution to carry on a Correſpondence with him under the feigned Name of *Phillis*; and as from a Lady of Quality and Fortune, writ him a Letter, importing that ſhe had with Pleaſure, heard from a Friend of her own and his, ſuch an extraordinary Character of him, that ſhe

was

was inspired with an Inclination to aim at being one of his Intimates, and if she could but be assured of her being admitted, she would soon let him know who she was : She tells him withal, she was neither old nor ugly, and in such Circumstances, that he need be under no Apprehension of an Application to his Pocket ; but leaves him in the dark where or how to direct to her an Answer. He received and read this Billet with the greatest Pleasure, for his native Vanity gave him too advantageous an Idea of himself, not to take every thing for Truth that was said or suggested to his Advantage. Mrs. *Parrimore* had not only the Pleasure of hearing her Letter repeated at second Hand, by several to whom he had disclosed his Prospect of approaching Joy ; but beyond all Expectation was admitted into his Confidence, and her Advice and Assistance requested, in the Prosecution of an Intrigue he thought himself so happily engaged in.

Flush'd with the Success and comick Progress of her Design, she forms a second Letter, full of yet stronger Expressions in his Favour, and promising, as soon as she could fix upon her Agents, she would open the Scene and begin the

C

Intrigue ;

Intrigue, yet not proposing any particular Method for him to convey his Sentiments to this unknown imaginary fair One. — Upon Receipt of this second Letter, to make Use of her own Words, “The Effect of his Folly was become visible to those who were not at all acquainted with the Cause ; he assumed an immediate Air of Superiority over his Companions, and treated with the utmost Contempt, the kind, the yielding fair Ones with whom he used to negotiate for Pleasure ; their Exhibitions were forthwith stopt, and no Body now engaged his Thoughts but his invisible and unknown Charmer, whom he would often toast under the feigned Name subscribed to his Billets. After she had thus raised him to a Pitch, and he was in hourly Expectation of an Assignment from his dear Unknown by a third Letter, she perplexes him with an Account of his Mistress’s going into the Country for some Months ; afterwards conveys Letters as from the Country, and keeps him agitating between Hope and Fear for several Months, till in the tenth Letter she wrote him, the visionary Fair acquaints him of her return to Town, desiring



desiring him as a Token of his Value for her, to wear a blew String in his Cane ; but if on the contrary, he disapproved of engaging in the Intrigue, that he would wear a yellow One ; and that she would pass and repass often enough, about the *Exchange* and *Change-Alley* to be satisfied, before she proceeded farther in the Affair. S—r, immediately upon Receipt of this puts on a blew Banner, and imagined every Lady he met to be his *Phillis*. This done, she makes an Assignment by Letter, which as she knew he was out of Town, he could not comply with, the time appointed being expired, before he returned and could receive the Letter. Upon S—r's Return and Receipt of this Letter, his Concern at the seeming Disappointment was unutterable ; he was out of Patience, to think that he, who had made so many Conquests on the Fair, should by ill Fortune be thus baulked and disappointed of his Hopes, which otherwise he judged upon Sight of the Lady, would inevitably have been crowned with Success. His Vanity would permit him to think no less of himself, and that alone

made him lay the Blame upon that fickle Goddess only.

He had yet Reason enough left, to consider that the Fair in general, are very ill at Ease under the most trifling Disappointments; and he did not know how his *Phyllis* might resent it. He was indeed a romantick Lover; but his Love had not yet inspired him even with Self-Defence against one of his own Sex. He did not know, but a Lady of her fine Sense and Taste, might immediately upon this change her Love into Hatred; and prompt her to set some Engine at Work to destroy him, before he had an Opportunity of making his Excuses.

In these, and such like melancholly Thoughts as these, he had inevitably been drowned and lost, had not Mrs. *Parrimore* his Confidant, to whom he ever applied for Advice and Comfort, in Cases of the nicest and most dangerous Consequence, come to his Relief.

She represented to him, that his *Phyllis* by her Letters, had discovered her self to be a Lady of better Sense, and her Love more ardent and refined, than to be incapable of finding Excuses for him. That she  
must

must necessarily judge, after she had beheld with her own Eyes, the dear Pledge of his Affection fastened to his Cane, nothing but Sickness, miscarriage of her Letter, or his being out of the way, by some unavoidable Accident, could have withheld him from being before his time at the Place of Affignation : This restored him in some measure to his usual Ease and Tranquillity ; though Mrs. *Parrimore*, for some Reasons, thought fit at Times, to say she had no Hand in this soothing Argument ; but that at this time she took occasion to represent to him, that as a Woman, and one who had been her self disappointed by him, she could easily judge how *Phillis* would relish and resent it ; and that now almost tired with his Impertinence, she was about to have dropt the Intrigue. On the contrary, she had not yet come half way towards the End of her Tether, she framed another Letter, as from his *Phillis*, complaining indeed of the barbarous Treatment she had met with from him, but withal puts him in the way how to make, and where to leave his Excuses, and desires him to open his Heart with Freedom.

This



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This gave Birth to the most ridiculous Epistle that my Reader can imagine a romantick besotted Lover capable of inditing, which though I have now in my Custody, I am unwilling to expose, as the Gentleman who wrote it is yet in the Land of the Living. With this he hurries away to the Canal appointed for its Reception and Conveyance, and implores the propitious Goddess of Love, to preserve it safe and untouched by every Hand, but that of the only She to whom it belonged.

He wrote this Letter without advising with his Confidant, but could not conceal from her the Pleasure he enjoyed in the Thoughts of his being so near an Interview with his as yet invisible fair One.

Mrs. *Parrimore* being now assured from his own Mouth, that he had left this extraordinary Piece at the Place appointed, she soon dispatched a faithful Emiffary of hers to bring it to her, and he going soon after to see if it had been taken from the Place, and finding it gone, was Extasy all over, to find he had at last eased the fair One's Mind, by a sincere Declaration of his Passion.

sion. He thought himself now the darling of Fortune, and had nothing but Wealth and Happiness before his Eyes.

Mrs. *Parrimore* had given him Trouble, Uneasiness and Fatigue enough before, she had now the malicious Pleasure to find him Fool enough to keep a Horse and Servant, to wait in Town, on purpose to post away with his dear Charmer's Letters, to whatever Place he should have occasion to be at. Her Spite did not end here, this elegant Epistle is not fortunate enough to come to the Lady's fair Hands, he has another to write and a Windmill to leave it in, just on this side *Uxbridge*, where our merciless Milliner had Business about that time.

Here she had the Pleasure to find a Piece as ingenious and extraordinary as the former: And soon after the Satisfaction to find him Dupe enough to accept an Offer of 1000 *l.* in Bank Bills, from the yet unseen, bewitching Darling of his Soul, and by denying the Receipt of that Letter he could not be angry with his *Phillis* for not sending it.

In short, after having forced him to return all her Letters which he looked upon

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as invaluable, leading him a wild-Goose Chase for near twelve Months; dancing him up and down the Country, and spending his Time and Money on this *Don Quixot's* Adventure, it breaks off, and ends with two remarkable Letters, which tho' I have seen in Print, as they may not have come to the perusal of my Reader, I here chuse to transcribe.

### PHILLIS to PHILANDER.

SIR,

**T**HE unhappy Passion which I have so long, and do still entertain for you, has at last destroyed my Health as well as Repose, it being the fatal Cause of a lingering Consumption, in which I am so far gone, that my Recovery is dispaired of by all my Friends and Physicians: I cannot survive the ensuing Winter. Fresh in my Memory is the kind Concern you expressed in parting with my Letters, I will therefore return them, as a Testimony of the Confidence I repose in you, that you won't expose my very Memory; I will continue to send you two at a time till you have received the whole

Parcel



Parcel. What! what am I doing? Impertinently sending what perhaps you have no Value for; if they continue still to be acceptable, let me know by a Letter at the Tree, and at the same time, whether a Bequest in Money or Land will be most commodious, for I am resolved to give you in that way a Testimony of my Esteem, since my Person is now too contemptible to make a tender of; for I am worn to a Shadow with perpetual ruminating on my ill-fated Passion, and your unkind Returns. Sometimes I imagine it possible you were sincere, and then I am stung with the bitter Reflections of the severe Disdain with which I treated you: These with the Fury and Strugglings of Passion and Dispair, and the terrible Apprehensions of being exposed, affect with incessant Torment your expiring

PHILLIS.

D

Dear



*To my dear Friend Phillis.*

*Dear Madam,*

I Cannot express the Surprize I was in  
 at the receiving your tender Letter,  
 because I find my self much in the right,  
 in all my Transactions, from the begin-  
 ning of our Correspondence, and in re-  
 ality have been very much perplext with  
 all your Complaint, because I never was  
 guilty of any thing you accused me of;  
 be that as it will, I will go no farther  
 on this Subject.

As for your sending all your Letters  
 back to me, they shall ever be esteemed  
 as the most valuable things in the World,  
 and kept till I die, and turn to Ashes  
 with me for ever.

As to your leaving any thing to me  
 after your departing this World, I can-  
 not give any Answer to it, because I be-  
 lieve my Stay in this World will be very  
 short after you; therefore if you will  
 save us both, let us meet, that's the best  
 Cure

Of Mrs. MARY PARRIMORE. 27

‘ Cure we can have, any other Cure is  
‘ of no Use to both.

‘ This I leave next the Tree, but must  
‘ beg your Excuse for the future so to do ;  
‘ for I am not one that can trust a Letter  
‘ of so much Moment and Consequence to  
‘ any one but my self, and have been very  
‘ ill this Month, but thanks to God am  
‘ now upon Recovery, and could wish you  
‘ were in the same Condition, to make us  
‘ both happy.

‘ My Love and Esteem for you is the  
‘ same that ever I had, my Constancy un-  
‘ alterable, and will always keep so ; but  
‘ pray, dear Madam, excuse me for the  
‘ future to send Letters, unless I am blest’d  
‘ with your Company, and that with  
‘ Speed, for fear it may be too late for  
‘ both. I remain for ever,

*Your most loving Friend,*

PHILANDER.

P. S. *Your Answer speedily.*



These together with some other Letters of less Import, and the manner of her carrying on the Intrigue I have here related, she spun out to a greater Length, and published in a Book Intituled, *Love upon Tick, or implicit Gallantry*; tho' she was not, at that time, so kind to inform the World of the Reasons she had for entering upon the Affair, in which she so well acquitted herself, that all the World must allow her to be a perfect *Machiavel* in Love-Politicks, a Woman of admirable Wit and Humour, and one who was a perfect Mistress of the *English* Language.

It has been reported by her Enemies she was not the Author, but I have often heard her own herself to be so, and that she even corrected the Press.

She next had an Intrigue with a young Quaker, which was carried on with Secrecy enough not to give occasion of Scandal to Friends, whose godly Spirit neither saw or dreamt any thing of this fleshly Correspondence, 'till our young Friend having disappointed her several times of the Tribute he had stipulated to pay her, she resolved to be even with him, appointing him to meet her at her old Crony's, *Rockford's*, where they drank burnt Brandy

dy so long, that young *Aminadab's* Light being extinguished, she stript him to his Shirt, put an old ragged Chairman's Coat upon his Back, and sent him home, early in the Morning, dead drunk, in that Trim, to his righteous Father.

A tall *Irishman*, as full of Vanity and Assurance, but of better Courage (at least to Appearance) than *S——r*, next made his Addresses to our fair Milliner; he had something more in view than the bare Possession of her Person, for imagining her to be in a thriving way, he doubted not of making a handsome Livelihood out of her, could he once be inrolled one among the Number of her humble Servants.

He was bred a Gentleman, and *vivitur ingenio* was all the Estate his Father left him. He was ever and anon talking to her of his high Birth and Parentage, what vast Estates his Ancestors were possessed of, to what a Number of Noble Families he had the Honour to be related, not forgetting to say a great deal of his own personal Merit. But our Dame having seen enough of the World to come to a Resolution to mingle Profit with her Delights; and  
hearing

hearing her Spark say little of his own worldly Riches, she received him very coldly; and when he began to grow troublesome by his reiterated Importunities, she forbid him her Shop, and used him ill even before Company.

This Gentleman was not so easily put out of Countenance as she imagined, he turn'd her ill Usage to a Jest, and continued his Suit till he persuaded her he could be of great Service to her in her Profession: And that tho' he was bred to none, yet he could act the Parson, the Lawyer, the Quack or the Bully, as her or his Occasions might require. Having examined and consider'd these and some other Qualifications he had by this time made her sensible of, she began to think he might prove a useful Man, and assist her in several Branches of her Business, whereupon a Bargain was struck between them.

The *Hibernian* no sooner enter'd the Country, but he begun to raise Contribution; nevertheless, as he was very diligent in his Duty otherways, he was welcome to what Share she could afford him, upon which for some time he lived very contentedly. I must now leave my stout

*Irish*



*Irishman* for a while, till I have occasion to call him again upon Duty, and return to Mrs. *Parrimore*'s old Friend *S — r*, of whom she had already made too egregious a Bubble.

Notwithstanding he had been made sensible of the Imposition of the Lady of Quality and Fortune; tho' she had used him ill in publishing his Letters and Intrigue to the World, under a specious Pretence of making him amends, Mrs. *Parrimore* so far insinuated herself into his Favour, as to be again admitted into his Confidence. She told him of a rich Widow-Lady she had under her Thumb, and proposed numberless Advantages that might accrue to him from a Conjunction with her; she offer'd to introduce him into her Company, and to do every thing in her Power to bring the Affair to a happy Issue.

He was now brought to a real Interview with one, who to him appeared to be indeed a Person of Quality; it is sufficient that he thought her so, and at first Sight worship'd and ador'd her. The Lady received him kindly, and gave him hopes that

that he should soon be recompenced for all his past Misfortunes and Fatigues.

The Milliner who pretended to be in the Secret, to retrieve (as he thought) his good Opinion of her, reminds him of the sad Accident that had happen'd to him at the beginning of their Acquaintance, and to prevent any thing of that kind, in this Case, or for the future, she tells him of a *High German* Doctor that was just arrived, who had beyond all mankind besides the Art of restoring and strengthening decay'd Nature to the greatest Perfection. The Medicine he made use of, he called by the Name of his *Invigorating Elixir*: She told him she fear'd the Doctor's Price would seem somewhat extravagant, but as it was the only Remedy in the World of that kind, her Friend S——r would find his Labours; which this Medicine would enable him to perform, so amply recompenced by the present Lady of his Affections, that the Doctor's Fee would be as nothing in comparison of it.

S——r was impatient to know where this incomparable Physician might be found, and in due time is brought to him by the Milliner. Now who should this Sham Doctor

be

be but our Tall *Irishman*, in a Dress adapted to the Purpose; into whose Presence *S——r* was introduc'd, and opened his Case. The Doctor, with a great deal of Gravity told him, that the too frequent Use of Women had weaken'd and relax'd his Solids to such a Degree, that it was not in the Power of his *Specifick* to cure him: Nevertheless, he doubted not to restore them to their pristine State if he would but follow his Direction. *S——r* had reason to believe what our sham Doctor said to be true, made him a Present of a Purse of Guineas, and promised to follow his Prescriptions exactly.

The *Irishman* had read Dr. Quincy's and other Dispensatories; and Mrs. *Parrimore* being a very good Judge of nourishing Food; they laid their Heads together, and prescribed for their Patient what really did him a great deal of Good.

The Doctor first order'd him two slight Purges to cleanse and sweeten his Blood; forbad him the Use of Women, Malt and spirituous Liquors; Sowers and Salts: *Pymont* Waters were prescribed for his common Drink, even at Meals; Fowls,  
E
Calves



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Calves Feet, and other white Meats, boiled in Rice, were his Food at Dinner. He was to drink but a Pint of Wine a Day; half at Noon, and the other half at Night. In the Morning he was to have a Decoction of Comfrey Flowers, and Sago or Vermicelli at Night. He might likewise take his Fill of Calves-Foot-Jelly, but well spiced; and a sufficient Quantity of Comfrey Roots boiled up with it. At Dinner, Supper, or between Meals he was enjoined frequently to eat Lobsters, Crabs, Prawns, Oysters, and other Shell-fish. *S — r* had a strong Objection to this last part of the Prescription, their Law prohibiting the Use of Shell-fish in general; but being told by the Doctor the Cure could not be perfected without 'em, the Objection was at an End; and the *Jew* rather chose to break this Law than run the hazard of disappointing the Lady as he had done *Mrs. Parrimore*.

This Regimen was strictly followed by *S — r* for some Months, who by it found himself strangely alter'd for the better; he begun now to look fresh and plump, and found his native Vigour returning. The Doctor visited his Patient frequently, and never went away empty handed. The

The Physician found now for certain the Elasticity of his Patient's Vessels had not been worn out by former Debauches, (as he greatly fear'd at first) and became satisfied he could make a perfect Cure, and thereby please the *Jew*, fill his own Pockets, and oblige his Friend. He directed him now to make use of the *Cold Bath*; and told *S—r* it would strengthen the Solids, invigorate the Vibrations, and accelerate the Motion of the Blood. These were hard Words, and Terms of Art with which the Patient was unacquainted; but tho' he did not understand them, as he had already found great Comfort and Relief by following the Doctor's other Prescriptions, he became implicitly obedient, and resolved to go through the Regimen.

For several Days together he Coaches it to the *Cold Bath*, near Sir *John Oldcastle's*. And finding the good Effects of it, praises his Doctor, and augments his Fees. The Doctor then order'd him to ride out on Horse-back, about four or five Miles, for a gentle Airing, every day, for two or three Months together. *S—r*, who in the other Adventure, shew'd himself a Man of extraordinary Patience and Perseverance,

when Paper was his only Diet, had now much more Reason to bear with Chearfulness the Expence he was at, and the Restraint imposed upon him by his Physician, as he manifestly saw by their Effects, they answer'd the End propos'd. And being now informed by the Doctor that all was well, he proposes to be made happy by the Enjoyment of his fair Charmer, for whose sake he had undergone this long and tedious Discipline.

Mrs. *Parrimore* by Delays and Disappointments, kept him some time in suspense ; but at last *S—r's* time is come, and the Place appointed, whither he flies big with Expectation ; but who should he find in the room of this wealthy Widow, but his old Friend Mrs. *Parrimore*, who not being the Person he wanted, he desired to be brought forthwith to the Darling of his Affections.

Here was no room for Mrs. *Parrimore* to make Excuse, or carry the Jest any farther. She told him with an Air of Sincerity, that she had discovered the Widow to be a Bite ; and that she was determined to prevent his Ruin by disclosing this Discovery in time : That she hoped he would  
for



for the Intent sake excuse the Consequence, and be glad it was not worse, that she was pleased to find the Charge he had been at, and his lost Time and severe Restraint so well recompensed by a perfect Recovery of his Health and Strength, and therefore hoped he would not grudge either, or repine much at the Disappointment or Loss of the Widow, who had inspired him with Courage to go through with all that he had born and suffer'd.

*S—r* could not well be angry with a Lady who reasoned so well, and being come to an Eclaircissement, it is said the *Jew* made her ample amends for the Disappointments she formerly met with at the *Bagnio*. The *Irishman* now began to think himself a Man of consequence, thought he had a Right to take Freedoms he had not yet attempted, and wanted to have Mrs. *Parrimore* in a manner to himself; he thought by her Millinary Business, and what she had got they might be both maintained; but a Life like that had nothing of Variety in it. And,

Unable to set idle, she look'd out for new Adventures; a Presbyterian Parson

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son fell next in her way. She had a Relation in Town of that Persuasion, and going one Day to visit her, she there met the Holy Father; who was a Man of a very sober and demure Carriage, of a seeming exemplary Life and Conversation, and exceeding well respected by his Congregation in general, but by the old Women and Widow-Ladies in particular, who were fond of being visited and instructed by him, as often as the good Man's pastoral Duty would permit him. Such Visits seldom fail of their Reward in this World: And whoever has the luck to marry one of these autumnal Disciples, will soon be taught, by Experience, that the Shepherds of those Flocks have very little occasion to frequent Taverns, or other Publick Houses of Entertainment; the choicest of Meat and Wines falling to their Share, without the least Expence.

But to return from this Digression, and pursue the Thread of my Story, Mrs. *Parimore* had good Sense enough to know her Company, and behave with the greatest Decency, when occasion required. The spiritual Father was come to partake of the good Things prepared for him by our Heroine's

Heroine's Relation, who was a rich Widow; and whilst the Repast was getting ready, the Discourse turned upon godly Subjects, and Things not of this World. He complemented the old Lady upon the decent Behaviour of her Kinswoman, and seemed to make no doubt but she was one of their own Communion: She could indeed put on a becoming serious Countenance, but the Parson could not but observe a serene Sweetness without the least Allay of Sorrow, so natural to Females of his Flock, in her Face. However, he proceeded to admonish all about him, not forgetting to offer again and again his kindly Assistance to her whom he expected for his Disciple, till *Ruth* came to acquaint her old Mistress. Supper waited for them. The Teacher, lest the Creature should be spoiled, broke off in the middle of his spiritual Admonitions: But I have heard Mrs. *Parrimore* often say, his long Grace had like to have done it no good; and she could easily observe through that Veil of Sanctity, which he threw over his Face, even he himself could have wished it much shorter, as thinking the *Turkey* and *Chine* then before them had been sufficiently



ciently bless'd before ever it came to the Table.

Grace being ended, the aged Gentlewoman helped the Soul-saving Man first, to the choicest Bit she could find, and after she had helped the rest, was constantly loading the Preacher's Plate, desiring him to feed heartily, that he might thereby be rendered capable of executing and performing his holy Function, and discharging his Duty with Vigour and Chearfulness. The good Man had little time to spare for Discourse, he eat prodigiously; he praised the Lord for the good Stomach he had, and for the Food he had sent him to keep up those Spirits, which he so plentifully evaporated every Day in his Lord and Master's Service.

The old Gentlewoman seldom drank Wine or other spirituous Liquors; but recommended it as a Cordial to the Ghostly Father: He thanked her and the Lord, and said, that to keep himself in Health, he was advised by his Physician, to drink with his Victuals double the Quantity of Wine in Weight, or rather more: He drank a full Bottle to his own Share at Supper, and so much after; that if you'll believe

lieve our Milliner, his Dose far exceeded the Doctor's Prescription.

Supper being over and Thanks returned, Tobacco and Pipes were set before him. He told them a Pipe of Tobacco settled and composed his Brain, was a Help to Thought, and descanted much on the Praise of that *Indian Weed*. The old Lady heard him with reverend Attention, and thought herself happy in having so worthy, so good an Apostle under her Roof. She began then to think of her Cousin's Salvation as well as her own, and said she thought Providence had brought her thither that Day, to be instructed by that holy, and spiritual Guide; that she hoped she would look upon it as such, earnestly recommending the Care of the reverend Divine, and with Tears in her Eyes, requesting him to be a Light unto her Feet, and a Lantern to her Paths.

Our Milliner had not been used to Discourses of this Nature; however she had good Manners enough, and a sufficient command of the Muscles of her Face to keep her Countenance. She thanked her good Cousin for the Regard she seemed to have for her, and said she should be

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proud to receive Instruction from the Mouth of so wise, so learned a Presbyter, though she frankly owned, she had not hitherto had an Opportunity of communicating with any of the Sages of that Sort.

This gave the good old Man an Opportunity of enquiring where his new Profelyte lived, which being told by his Benefactress, he promised to wait on her the first Opportunity. He began next to represent to them how frail human Nature was in general, and the youthful Part of Mankind in particular; not that he suspected the young Lady's Virtue, but to be armed against Temptation was the wisest way. That Vice was grown Epidemical, and some of their Saints themselves had gone astray. That like a true spiritual Physician he would prescribe for her such Cordial Drops of Comfort and Consolation, as should effectually preserve her from the Temptations of the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

Ladies of her Profession have seldom Patience to hear such Lectures; but ours had Penetration and Sagacity enough, to discover between Cant and the real Sentiments of a Man's Heart. She could see  
in



in *Jack Presbyter's* Eyes, the Flesh warring against the Spirit, and observed the former to have the Advantage. She considered that the Teacher's way of living might be liable to other Constructions than what his antiquated Follower put upon it. Amidst these Considerations the Clock struck Ten; the good old Woman said, that by listening to her Friend's holy Discourse, the Time had glided away imperceptibly. The Doctor knowing it to be her Bed-time, with a reverend Bow took his Leave; but before he reached the Door the pious Hearer slip'd five Guineas into his Hand, for the Edification she had received, and retired to her Bed-Chamber to ruminate upon, and treasure up in her Heart the good Things she had heard. The Doctor had no occasion here to shake the Dust from off his Feet.

The Pastor and his seeming young Proselyte going the same way home, he offered to take her under his Care: She accepted his Offer in a very obliging manner, and when they came to her Lodging, she could not part with her Guide till she had obliged him with a Dram of *Citron* which she had in her Corner Cupboard; he good Man was

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prevailed upon, to take a second, and then took Leave; but not without promising to pay her a Visit very soon.

At his taking Leave, he seemed to press her Hand with somewhat more than spiritual Affection, which confirmed her in her Guess that he was no Enemy to the Flesh.

Several of her Customers and Correspondents who met 'em in their Pilgrimage, were not a little surprized to see her attended by such a reverend Guard. As soon as the Coast was clear, in they rushed, to find out the bottom of this inquisitive Affair: She did not scruple to tell them where she had been, how she had far'd, and in a Word gavethem a Detail of what had pass'd.

They were each of them in their Turns arch upon the Doctor and his religious Profelyte; her Friend the *Irishman* dropt in, in the Interim, and wanted to know in plain Terms what She had made of him: she answered him pretty smartly, her new Teacher's Time was not yet come, and that less Liberty in him would be more becoming: Thus she made herself as merry with her other Gallants, as they could possibly do with her and the Parson.

The

The Company went off one after another, but a young Merchant of her Acquaintance seemed inclined to stay longer. He had promised to take part of one Bottle with two of his Friends at the *Fleece*, in their Way homeward; but pretending to recollect a previous Assignment, he disengaged himself. They observed the fair Lady tip the *Irishman* the Wink, who obediently retired. And taking it now for granted, some Game was going forward, between the Couple that were left, the Merchant's Friends were resolved to stay at some convenient Distance, and (if possible) to have a Share in it.

They had not waited long in the Street, till they saw the amorous pair of Turtles come forth their Dove-House, billing and cooing, and taking Advantage of the Darkness of the Night, little imagining they were dogged, and by whom.

They found their Friend was bent upon an odd Frolick, he was inviting the Lady to go abroad with him in the Streets in a Hackney Coach, which he proposed to make Use of that Night, instead of a *Bagnio*. She did not at first seem to resist the Proposal, but he had the Means in his Pocket



Pocket to make it go glibly down. A Coach was soon called, away they drove, and the two Friends followed at a convenient Distance to see the Event.

About the middle of *Cheapside* the Coachman was ordered to stop till further orders, and the Windows drawn up; the Coachman guessing at the Occasion took this Opportunity of feeding his Horses, and went himself to take a refreshing Draught of Beer. The two Friends took their Station on each side the Coach, and as they had agreed before, as soon as the Play begun within, with their Penknives they cut the Braces of the Coach and down it fell.

The two Waggs who had done the Mischief cross'd the way into an Alley, and left the two Lovers to shift for themselves. The Mob gathering about them, they were taken out in a Posture not altogether becoming; the Coachman came swearing he would be paid for the Damage, and rather than dispute it with him was paid his Demand. It being now late and no other Coach to be had, the Gentleman and his Lady sneaked off by different Ways, to their respective Habitations, for fear of  
being

being seized by the Constable and Watch ; and the Contrivers of this Mischief repaired to the Tavern, to laugh over a Bottle at their Friends Disappointment and Disgrace.

The Minister of the Gospel was by this time got to Bed ; but that afforded him little Rest ; the Image of his new Convert ever and anon swimming before his Eyes, kept Sleep from them. He found strange Emotions and Yearnings within him, such as he had never felt before. He mustered up all his Reason and Philosophy to his Aid : He was a Widower indeed ; but to marry her he could not think of it. There was a great Disparity in their Age ; and though he had not yet heard any yet thing of her Character, he judged by her Occupation and the Situation of her Shop, that it could not be entirely without Blemish ; and that to join himself in Marriage to such a one, would give Offence to the Elders, and alienate the Minds of his Congregation.

Besides, he thought a Man of his sanctified Character might expect a Fortune of the first Rate amongst the Saints, and to marry without any, would be calling his Understanding

ing in Question. Nevertheless, he could not after all determine what to do in an Affair of this Nicety. The Milliner had most certainly made a very strong Impression upon his Heart, and the more he thought about the Matter the more he was perplexed. Nor could he come to any other Resolution, than to send the next Morning to enquire into her Life and Conversation, and as he found that Point, to steer his Course.

In this Inquiry he could think of no fitter Agent than an elderly Woman, who was a broken Shopkeeper's Widow, and who being a Hearer of his, subsisted by the Charity of the better Sort of the Congregation. She had great Obligations to him for the good Services he had done her, in procuring her a Subscription and getting it augmented as her Necessities required. Her he thought he could trust, with as much of the Affair as he wanted, he sent for her and opened the Matter; but told her he was put upon it by the Father of a young Gentleman who was one of his Hearers, and who had an Intention of making her a Wife.



The old Gentlewoman having got our Lady's Name and Place of Abode, and being furnished by her good Master with sufficient to bear the Expence of the Journey, sets forward upon the Business. The Doctor by the Instrument he imployed, did not seem to understand much of the World. How could he expect a good Character of a gay young Creature in her Bloom, from such a Piece of Antiquity, who Years before, must have lost all Sense of Pleasure, but that of railing at every Body who was younger than herself. But to return to our Enquiry.

Our superannuated Duenna soon arrived at *Change-Alley*, pleasing herself by the Way, with the Thoughts of hearing something very black to carry home to her Master, to the Prejudice of one Lady she had not yet seen, nor so much as heard of till that Morning. She went behind the Bar with the Vintners Wives, took the Coffee-Women into a private Room, and drank Tea with all the other Milliners in and about the Alley. And before Night, she had got such a Roll of Mrs. *Parrimore's* Sins, (some real and some imaginary) that had she lived in

a *Popish* Country, and was to have solicited Bulls and Pardons for them all, a King's Ransom would not have purchased her Heaven.

Had the Lady whose Character our venerable Duenna was sent to enquire after, been white as Snow, by the Diligence used by the Enquirer, and the Informations she would have received from the Persons applied to upon this Occasion, it would have been so foiled before it came to the reverend Teacher's Hands, that a Courtezan of common Modesty would be ashamed to wear it: What Quarter then could the Heroine of this my Story expect, whom I doubt not, the charitable Reader will by this time think strictly virtuous, and a Pattern of Modesty?

Not satisfied with what she had heard, the old Vixen (who pretended to understand Physiognomy) must take a View of her Face; accordingly went into Mrs. *Parriamore's* Shop to cheapen some Cambricks: She had no sooner beheld the Lady of whose Character she had been in quest, but she construed the *Bona Rota* imprinted in every Line of her Face.

Pleased

Pleased with the Success she had met with, she hastened home to him that sent her. By the Joy that sat apparently upon her Face, he expected the old Lady had found his favourite Milliner a meer Angel : But how great was his Grief and Disappointment, when the black Catalogue appeared ? The Duenna herself could perceive his Countenance to alter ; but not knowing the Reason, she proceeded to comment upon each single Sin : And had the Teacher's Patience held out, she had kept him till next Morning.

Tired with the harsh ungrateful Sounds, he withdrew to his Study, without thanking the diligent old Creature for the Pains she had taken : He sought Comfort and Relief from his Books, but could find neither, and without a Sight of her who had transfix'd his Soul, with all her Faults about her, he must be for ever unhappy.

To visit her at her Shop would be Ruin and Disgrace, he was upon the Rack of Invention for a safe and secret Interview, and after all could think of no other Expedient, than to leave the Conduct of that Affair to her self. Nor had he any other



Way of communicating his Thoughts than by Letter, and even there he was in Danger of being exposed, in Case she should disapprove his Suit, or at any time after happen to change. But see her he must ; so to write he was resolved, but with as much Caution as Love would permit him, and least at any time it should fall into the Hands of the wicked, he wrote the following Lines.

MADAM,

WHEN I had first the Satisfaction  
 of seeing you at your Cousin's,  
 (my gracious Benefactress) I conceived  
 at first Sight, a sincere Regard for the  
 Well-fare of both your Body and Soul,  
 and as I told you then, before we  
 parted, shall always take Pleasure in  
 contributing to the Happiness of either ;  
 but for some cogent Reasons must beg  
 you will excuse me from waiting on you  
 at your Shop. I have somewhat of Im-  
 portance to communicate to you, and if  
 you will be so good to give me a Meet-  
 ing, any where the other End of the  
 Town,

' Town, your Summons shall be punctually obeyed, by

*Madam,*

*Your most affectionate,*

*humble Servant.*

*P. S.* The sooner the better, the Bearer waits your Answer.

He sealed it up with great Care, and going to a Coffee-house near *Charing-Cross*, where no Body knew him, sent a Porter with it, himself waiting there for an Answer.

Upon Receipt of the Letter she was a little surprized, as not readily remembring the Name; but upon reading it a second time and farther Recollection, she knew it must be from her Ghostly Father. She took her Pen, and immediately wrote him An answer, in the following Words.

*Reve-*

*Reverend Sir,*

EVER since we parted, I have had  
a strong Impulse upon me, to hear  
and receive more of your Instruction,  
believing I shall be greatly edified there-  
by. At the *Crown* in *St. Giles's* to-  
Morrow at Six, you'll be sure to find,

SIR,

*Your most obliged,*

*humble Servant,*

M. P.

P. S. Be pleased to en-  
quire for Number 3.

She never wrote a Letter that had any  
Relation to an Intrigue, but she always  
preserved a Copy, and this with the Par-  
son's original Letter, fell by Accident  
into my Hands some time before her  
Death.

The Doctor was overjoyed to find the  
time of Affignation so near, and as she  
knew him to be rich she was resolved to  
keep it.

The



The Parties met some Minutes before the appointed Hour, and the Parson, after the first Salutation was over, with very little Ceremony came to the Point, and told her, he doubted not but she must judge very odly of the Request he had made, notwithstanding she so readily agreed to an Interview. He feared Curiosity excited her to so easy a Compliance, but for his part, Love was his only Motive for asking it. It was his Destiny, and he could not help it; and unless she made him some Returns he should be of all Men the most miserable.

She shrewdly suspected the occasion of their meeting before she came thither, but nevertheless feigned a Surprize at what had been said. She began to cant him over in his own way, telling him, if he had no regard for his own Cloth and Reputation, he ought, as she was related to so good a Friend and Hearer of his, to have had more Respect for them both than to make this Attempt upon her Chastity. The Doctor could not forbear smiling at this her formal way of delivering herself, and at once generously told her of the Enquiry he had made into her Ladyship's Character.

He

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He told her he was himself Flesh and Blood like other Men, and that if he could but preserve his Character he thought himself well enough off. He was naturally covetous, but before they parted (whatever Offers he made can't certainly be here mentioned) they came to a right Understanding, and had frequent Meetings afterwards at a Friend's House of hers that End of the Town.

Her Business now began to increase, and as she had several fly Sinners of the City in her List, she began to think *Change-Alley* too publick, and was resolved to look out for some Place where she might accommodate her Friends with more Secrecy and Safety. She rightly judged that Lodgings would not answer her End, and therefore took a House in a Street near *Tyburn Road*; but thinking it not proper to have it in her own Name, she put in a Gentlewoman of about Fifty Years of Age, who had formerly been House-keeper in a Nobleman's Family, in whose Name the House was taken, and who passed for such in the Neighbourhood.

To this her new Habitation Mrs. *Par-rimore* would retire of Evenings, and at other convenient Times and Seasons; and the

the first she brought thither was a rich old Money-Scrivener of the City, he was one of the secret Sinners, and had a Wife much younger than himself: He was extremely covetous, but, however she managed the matter, the old Curmudgeon came down handsomely at first, but falling off afterwards, and even grudging to pay some Arrears that were actually due, she got the *Irishman* to offer to treat him with a Bowl of Punch, in order to make him drink, which he easily compassed: For when the old Gentleman could get any good Liquor at Free-Cost he would swill like a *Dane*, but at other times he would content himself with a Draught of pure Element, and he often heard to say, he wonder'd how People could delight in drinking strong Liquors, when the other was by far the more wholesome.

The Scrivener was soon drank down, fell asleep, and snor'd loudly at the Table. Our Milliner had before taken Care, by some of her under Agents, to blow up the Coals of Jealousy at the old Gentleman's House, and to have his Wife ready to march upon call, to be convinced with her own Eyes. As soon as she thought him



found asleep, she got two lusty Porters to carry him to a noted Brothel in the Neighbourhood, where he was put to Bed to a young Courtezan. A Messenger was immediately dispatch'd to his Wife, as from a Friend of hers, who did not care to be seen in the Affair; and he brought her directly thither, and shew'd her her loving Husband, which so far provoked her, that she went home and riffled the House, and never returned to him again.

She took enough with her to keep her handsomely, and the old Debauchee did not dare complain, for fear she should offer to sue for a Divorce, and so make the matter publick to the whole World. The old Fellow when he waked, was surprized to find himself in a strange House; and the venerable Lady Abbess made him pay handsomely for his Nights Lodging before he departed. He was more surprized when he came home, to find his Coffers stript of what was as dear to him as his Hearts Blood. He inquired into the Affair, and guessed who was at the bottom of it.

It is strange that such old Fellows as these can think of carrying on an Intrigue with a young Lady without paying for it.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Parrimore* took this Method at once to get rid of and punish him.

The Reverend Pastor now begun to grow close-fisted, and her tall *Irishman* saucy and assuming, notwithstanding his whole dependance was upon her. If she wanted a Lover without Money, she might have of them at her Beck, the former was not her Man; and she thought as the latter had nothing else but her Bounty to depend upon, he might at least behave with good Manners. In short, she resolved to dispatch them both as soon as possible, and accordingly sets her Head to work how she might do it in the safest manner, and make herself some Diversion by the way.

She never had let the Doctor into the Secret of her having a House near *Tyburn* Road, She had a great Respect for the Gentlewoman she had appointed for her House-keeper, and thought she could with ease make up a Match between them. The House was very neatly furnished, the House-keeper tolerably genteel and handsome for a Woman of her Years; and the Neighbours knew not but all was her own.

Mrs. *Parrimore* had often heard her Teacher say, he should be glad to match himself with a Woman pretty near his own Age, of a good Character, and a tolerable Fortune: She took the Hint, and was resolved to bring 'em both together. The Teacher, even whilst she was thinking of it, dropt accidentally in *a propos*; she laid hold of the Opportunity, and as soon as they were left to themselves, merrily told the Doctor a Friend of hers had just been talking of a rich Widow near *Tyburn* Road, who had a Number of humble Servants constantly at her Levee; but that she was so very religious and demure, none of them could please her.

The Preacher seem'd to listen very attentively to the Story, and ask'd by the way, what the Lady's Fortune might be? His Favourite Milliner told him Five Thousand Pounds ready Money, and a House very handsomely furnished: Says she, my dear Doctor, (for so since their Intimacy she always called him) I no sooner heard of it, but I thought her a proper Match for you; Five Thousand Pounds is a round Sum, and such a Lady as this will preserve your Character, whilst



whilst you and I may still be happy as before.

The good Man was agog to see this Widow-Lady ; his Milliner promised to use her utmost Endeavours to get him introduced as soon as possible : She told him her Friend had Interest in the Family, and if he would leave the Management of the Affair to them, she doubted not of bringing it to a happy Issue. He thanked her, and told her their Pains at the Conclusion of the Affair, should not be unrewarded ; and after the usual Ceremony, took his leave for that Day.

She then let her Friend into the Secret, and away they went together to the Widow-Lady, *viz.* Mrs. *Parrimore's* House-keeper, to whom she open'd the matter, and told her in short, she had provided her a good Husband. She order'd the House to be clean'd, and every thing set in the nicest Order, bought up several good and godly Books, and distributed them about the House, in proper Places ; and then gave the Widow her Lesson, and promised to send the Teacher to her the next Day.

The Trap being laid, she appointed the Parson to meet her the next Afternoon at  
her

her Friend's House, where she had provided a Woman whom he had never seen, to represent an intimate Acquaintance of the Widow's. The Doctor obeys the Summons, and was punctual to the Appointment. She now tells him, she had with great Difficulty, and by means of her Friend, got the Gentlewoman he saw, to engage in the Affair: That she had a great Influence over the Widow; and having already, at their Request, represented him to her as a Man of Learning, religious Life, and extraordinary Character, had paved the way, and if he pleased, she could introduce him that very Afternoon. The Doctor was mighty thankful, and told the Lady she should not find him ungrateful.

Away they went together, and were received at the Widow's with such decent Respect, that the Levite was perfectly charmed; every thing he saw was in the nicest Order, and Godliness display'd itself in every Window: He liked the Widow extremely well, and let her understand it, so far as Decency would permit him for the first time. He spoke much in praise of a Marriage State, and its di-  
vine

vine Original; and would have proceeded farther, but Company coming in, he was obliged to cut his Discourse short, and take his leave. The Widow, in a very obliging manner, told him, she should be proud of being better known to so good a Man, and that she would be glad to see him when his leisure might permit. The Doctor made her a reverend Bow in Token of his being pleased with the Invitation, took his leave, and went back exceeding well satisfied to his Friends; where he gave an Account of the handsome Reception he had found at the Widow's, thank'd them very kindly for their Favour, and promised to do all in his Power to retaliate it.

Mrs. *Parrimore* had determined with herself, if she found the Doctor well pleased with the Widow, to insist upon the spiritual Father's making up a Match for the *Irishman*, whom she intended to palm upon him for her Brother. She had often heard the Doctor talk of a young Lady of about Three Thousand Pounds Fortune, who had for her Guardian one of the Elders of his Congregation; he had frequently boasted of his Interest with this  
Elder



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Elder, insinuating, if he could meet with a sober young Gentleman, whom he liked, he would recommend him to her for a Husband. The tall *Irishman* had obliged her in several Particulars, and tho' she was now inclined to part with him, she was willing to do it upon good Terms; and by marrying him to a Woman of Fortune quite disburthen herself of him.

She took this Opportunity of speaking to the Doctor about the matter, and insisted, that as she had opened the Door of Preferment to him, he would do no less than grant her a small Favour of the same nature. She told him she had a Brother in Town unprovided for, a comely genteel Man, of a good Character, and one whom no body might be ashamed to recommend. She was certain he had Interest enough with the young Lady's Guardian he so often had mention'd, and hoped he would not scruple doing his utmost for her Brother; whom, she said, she doubted not would make the Lady a very good Husband.

The Parson was a little startled at this Request, he had hopes of making a Penny of the young Lady, and here he could not

not well ask it : However he desired to see the young Gentleman, and promised to do what lay in his Power for him. Mrs. *Parrimore* acquainted the *Irishman* that Evening with her Project, and he came very readily into it. By her Direction he waited on the Doctor the next Morning ; and, as his Mistress's Brother was very well received by him. There was no Objection ; but the Money still ran in the Ghostly Father's Head. He told him he should rejoice to see him at his Sister's Friends that Afternoon, and the mean time he would see what could be done with the Lady and her Guardian.

He bethought himself he had no Pretence to ask a *Premium* for himself, but might insist upon one for the good Man, to whose Care the Lady was committed, and take a Security in his Name ; considering, if he could oblige his Friend, and get Money too, he could not do better. Away he goes to his Friend the Elder, and meeting the young Lady, told her he had got her a Husband. He could have said nothing that would have pleased her better : He then spoke to the Guardian about it, talked loudly in Praise

of our young *Hibernian*, and assured him it would be a very good Match for his Ward. To shew what an Influence the dissenting Teachers have over their Flocks, and how far the Laity pin their Faith upon the Parson's Sleeves, without the least Hesitation or desiring to see the Gentleman, or even to enquire into his Character, this faithful Guardian offered up his Ward, as a Sacrifice to the holy Father's Pleasure, and told him she was entirely at his Disposal.

Having this young Creature so far in his Power, away he goes to his Mistress and her pretended Brother: He told them he had been labouring heartily for them in the Vineyard, and had succeeded, upon Condition the young Gentleman would give a Bond, to pay the Guardian two hundred Pounds upon Receipt of her Fortune: He said it was expected, and without it nothing would be done in the Affair.

The *Irishman* had been bred some time at the *Temple*, had been a Member of the Fortune-hunting Club, and was Lawyer enough to know a Bond of that kind was void in it self; and therefore came the more readily into the Proposal; or if it had



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had been good, he would not have stood for a Brace of hundreds. A Sheet of stamp Paper was immediately sent for; the Parson made, and the *Irishman* executed the Bond, and having settled the Affair upon this Footing, the Doctor promised to introduce the young Gentleman the very next Morning.

After this Business of the Milliner's *Irishman* was dispatched, the holy Man began to think of his own, and drives away to visit his Widow. It happened very luckily he found her alone, and was resolved to improve the Opportunity. He staid till late, and brought the Lady before they parted, to own she could like him for a Husband. He could not help calling on his Milliner in his way home, to acquaint her with his Success, who advised him to strike while the Iron was hot, told him Delays were ever very dangerous, and that as the Widow's Fortune was all in Money, some Body or other would be advising her to insist on a Settlement; whereas, could he get her without, she and her Money would be entirely at his Disposal. The Parson always thought her a Woman of Sense, and one who knew

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the World very well ; and promising to follow her Counsel, took his Leave.

The next Morning he introduced the young *Irishman* according to his Promise, he was so well liked by the Lady and her Guardian, that by Noon nothing was wanting but the Marriage Ceremony. The Doctor and the young Gentleman staid Dinner, and after that was over, the holy Father requested the young Couple to take a Ride with him to the other End of the Town. They went accordingly, and set down at Mrs. *Parrimore's* Friends. The Gentlewoman who first introduced the Parson was sent for ; they went all together to the Widow's House, where it was agreed before Night, that both Couple should wed and bed out of Hand. Licence and a Priest were soon procured, and the Knot tied, which nothing but Death or the Legislature can loose.

Both Marriages were consummated that Night, to the seeming satisfaction of both Parties ; and Mrs. *Parrimore* having gained her Ends, and carried the Jest as far as it would well bear, thought it would be both cruel and imprudent to let the World into the Secret, because it might not only  
render

render the Profelyte ridiculous, but be the Occasion of loosing his Flock and his Bread with it, and her House-Keeper who was then his Wife, must be a Sharer in the Misfortune : She therefore determined at once to undeceive him, which she did the very next Morning.

You must imagine he was not a little nettled at first, to find himself thus bit ; but with Mrs. *Parrimore's* Arguments and his own reasoning upon them, he was soon convinced that Patience was his only Remedy for what was past : Considering his Income would maintain him and his Spouse handsomly, that there was no Fear of an Increase in the Family. He took her home with him at once, where she behaved herself so handsomly in her Station, that she gained the universal Good-will and Esteem of his Congregation, and they now live happily and comfortably together.

As for the young Couple they agree very well ; the Lady's Fortune served to put him in a very good Way, he now sticks heartily to Business, and is improving his Talent every Day.

Thus



Thus a mix'd Adventure, which by its cloudy Aspect at first threatened a Storm, ended in an intire Calm, and the Persons interested highly well satisfied; where I must now leave them and return to the Heroine of my History.

The Dissenting Teacher being thus dispatched, and the *Irishman* taken off her Hands, she next draws into her Lure an orthodox Divine of the Church of *England*.

This was not a nominal Doctor only, but a Doctor *in facto*: He had spent the best part of his Youth at the University, till a Nobleman who had been his Pupil gave him a Living of 400 *l. per Annum* in the Country; where he placed a Curate to officiate for him at the Rate of 30 *l.* a Year, and came up to Town to live at Ease upon the Remainder; which not being able to spend he began to dabble in Stocks; this brought him in the way of our Milliner. He was a Batchelor; meer Man as to fleshly Inclinations, nor could he persuade himself simple Fornication was more than a venial Sin.

He therefore took Occasion to make frequent Visits, and was not ashamed to drink  
Tea

Tea with her even in the Shop: His Bread did not, like the Dissenter's, depend upon the esteem or dislike of his Congregation: his Benefice was his Freehold, and therefore he had no Reason to be over squeamish of his Character. He continued his Visits till they grew well enough acquainted to make Assignations, and have Meetings in Places not quite so publick. She became very fond of her Divine, and no doubt had Reason to believe him a very sound one; being more taken with him than any one Lover that had ever before fallen to her share. She begun to lose all relish for her once darling Variety, and fancied (alas in vain) she had Youth and Beauty enough left to secure the Doctor entirely to herself; but by the Sequel of the Story, you'll find she was mistaken.

The Divine had other Affairs upon his Hands, he loved Variety as well as she once, and his Visits by Degrees becoming less frequent, she had been Love's Scholar too long not to account for his Remissness; her Jealousy in a short time made the Doctor so uneasy, that he resolved to break with her entirely, which she discovering was determined to be revenged:

accordingly she sends a Porter with a Line, desiring to see him the next Evening.

The Doctor knowing he was to leave the Town in a Day or two, was resolved to bear with Patience her over Fondness or jealous Complaints, happen which would; and waited on her as she desired. She was now grown cool enough to stifle her Resentment, and carried him to her old *Asylum* near *Tyburn Road*.

After a plentiful Supper and the Duty of the Night discharged, the Doctor fell into a sound Sleep: His Mistress took the Advantage, and getting up dress'd herself in his Robes, and left her own Cloaths instead.

When he awoke he called for Mrs. *Parimore*, it was answered she was gone; he wanted his Cloaths, no Body knew any thing of them. By the Servants Looks he found his Milliner had play'd him a slippery Trick, and saw no Covering for his Nakedness but what the Lady had left him, with which he dress'd himself, but in a very aukward manner. The Petticoats and Gown fitted his Reverence tolerably well, but the Shoes were so short and high Heel'd, he was not able to walk



walk in them. He desired a Coach or a Chair might be called, but none was to be had; the Servants had their Orders, and neither Love nor Money could soften them into Disobedience.

The Doctor found to stay there was in vain, and to go home he was ashamed; at last he determined to make the best of his Way to a Friend's House, and think of some Pretence to send for his Cloaths. Out he goes into the Street, the odd Figure he made set the People a-gazing at him, and before he could get a Coach a vast Mob was gathered about him; at last a Coach he got, and ordered the Fellow to drive to an old Crony's Lodgings, but as ill Luck would have it his Friend was gone out: From thence, unwilling to go home, he took another Rout, with as bad Success; at last he was forced to go to a *Bagnio* and send for his Robe-maker, from the Backside of St. *Clement's*, not only to discharge the Coachman, but to equip him in his Sacerdotal Garments. Hers in his Rage he committed to the Flames, and having got his own out of her Hands by a Wile, he went directly to the *Bath*, and I believe never saw her more.

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Mrs. *Parrimore* had now past her Bloom, and was going down the Hill of Life : By the Decrease of Gallants, she became too sensible of the decay of her Charms. Inactivity and Idleness had been hitherto Strangers to her, neither could she yet think of making them her Companions. She had dealt in Love Intrigues so long for herself, that now she thought herself capable of Brokering for others.

Having studied Physick a little, she had found out a Specifick Remedy against Barrenness ; and for young Ladies who found themselves too prolifick, and were in Danger of wracking their Reputation by it, she had likewise a certain and infallible Cure. In this Branch of her Trade I shall endeavour to oblige my Reader with one Instance, by which he may judge of her Capacity.

A certain rich *Jew*, whose Name for some Reasons I am obliged to conceal, had for a long time together laid Siege to his Chamber-maid, (a beautiful young Creature just come out of the Country) without Success, till Opportunity and Importunity having rendered his Footman more fortunate, and the Girl finding the Effects  
of

of it, she was cunning enough to let her Master come in for a Share, judging him more capable of providing for her than his Man.

In a few Months she was obliged to let the *Jew* know, she could not stay longer in his House with Safety to either: Her Lady would soon perceive what had been doing, and Shame and Dishonour would attend the Discovery. He was unwilling to be exposed, and had a great Regard for his Chamber-Maid. What must he do? He could think of no body so capable of advising, and assisting him in preserving his own Quiet, and the Girl's Reputation, as Mrs. *Parrimore*. To her he goes, and, with a handsome Fee, opens the Case, and receives her Counsel and proper Directions.

The Maid was directed to give her Lady Warning forthwith, a Gentlewoman from *Westminster* sends for a Character of her, and being paid her Wages, she retired to a proper Place, there to remain till all was over.

A Father was wanted, and the *Irishman*, if she had not married him off, would certainly have been the Man: But



he was now in a better way, nevertheless, at Mrs. *Parrimore's* Request, he recommended a Countryman of his, who for five Pieces father'd the Child, and appeared for the young Chamber-maid's Husband; by which means the Church-wardens lost a Spit-Load of Capons, and a Deluge of Claret.

The *Jew* was a merry Fellow, and was resolved to have a Christening, a handsome Treat was made on that Occasion, himself and another of his Persuasion standing Godfathers; and the Parson little thought what Sureties he had taken, and to whom he had entrusted the Care of educating and training up the Child in the Principles of the Christian Religion. The *Jew* made the Girl a handsome Present, and hath taken great Care of the Footman's Son; not doubting but it was his own. It came indeed about a Month too soon, but being convinced by the Midwife it was owing to the warmth of the Mother's Constitution, he thought no more of it. The Lad is now living, and promises to make a fine Gentleman. I could quote Numbers of Instances of this kind, but it would swell my Book to a much greater Length than I design it.

Let

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Let it suffice to acquaint my Reader, Mrs. *Parrimore* had for some Years a prosperous Trade, and having made her a tolerable Fortune, begun to be tired with Business, and like other great Traders, came to a Resolution to retire from this noisy Town, and spend the Winter of her Days in the Country, where she lived a few Years without acting any thing considerable or remarkable. This Country-Life did not at all suit her, she had been used in Town to stirring and Action, and that afforded her little or no Opportunity of exercising her Talent; she grew melancholly at first, and afterwards was for some time totally bereaved of her Senses. Upon her Recovery, (or I think it rather may be called a lucid Interval) she returned to Town, and resolved to enter once more upon Business, tho' in another Scene of Life; accordingly she applied to the Brokers in the *Alley*, and other her old Friends and Customers, by whom she was promised all fitting Encouragement. Flush'd with these Promises, she agreed with Sir G. C. and took a Lease of the House called the *Sword-Blade-Office*, in *Birchin-Lane*, fronting *Exchange-Alley*, with an Intent to

to convert it into a Coffee-House. This she fitted up for that purpose, intending to call it the *New Jerusalem*. But not finding her Friends so punctual in performing their Promises, she grew delirious, crying, God had forsaken her; and put <sup>an</sup> Execution <sup>on</sup> what she had often, and for many Years past threatened, when in the Hip: But determining, even in her last Moments, to give the Lye to a Person who used often jestingly to cry, Ah! *Molly, Molly*, you'll certainly die in your Shoes, she cautiously pull'd 'em off, and decently hanged herself in her *New Jerusalem*, within a Day of her intended Opening. The Coroner's Inquest brought in their Verdict *Lunacy*; and a Relation of hers, having duly administered, is now in actual Possession of a considerable Sum of Money she left behind her.

Thus fell the mighty **PARRIMORE**, more worthy Admiration than Imitation; and whose Talents (better employ'd) would have merited a much better Fate.

**F I N I S.**